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BY EDWARD SPENCER.

XI.

Inside the Iron-studded Door.

"La bufera infernal, che mai non resta.
Mena gli spiriti con la sua rapina;
Voltando e percontando li molesta.
* * * * *

Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mona.
Nulla speranza li conforta mai,
Non che di posa, ma di minor pena."³

DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 31, 43.

—— "Ho seemed hurt,
Even as a man with his peculiar wrong."⁴

Two pessimists, and a madly inclined man, had possession of Beale Lloyd, when he became the victim of a mad scheme, to escape from men; the necessity of saving himself; and the purpose of hope of redeeming his name and credit, by means of that work. He must escape from men, and he must escape from the world, or he thought would turn in and corrode with itself; and he must work with system and intelligence, or all his schemes would end in failure. He had no other resource than to face anxieties of his journey and escape, combined to make him almost mad. He could scarce indeed restrain himself from breaking out suddenly into fits of rage, and uttering the delicious words of positive mania. The brightness of *Genoa* seemed to scorch his brain like the breath of a furnace; the flashing, dashing waters, in their sparkling, took, to his disturbed vision, the appearance of flames, and he was drawn against him, and maddening his mind while the exuberance of color he saw all around him filled his eyes, he said, with horrible images. He was soothed by the soft, low, murmuring tints of his palace gave him no relief; rather, by their suggestions of immensity, tended to aggravate his malady. Dejected, weary

and the most trifling reflection upon the substance of these schemes cannot fail to convince us that Lloyd had grown mad, so far as business was concerned. Apart from the impracticability of the schemes themselves, the *character* proves this fact, irresistibly. Here we have a man, who, because of a dishonest act, and his circumstances, his position, his temptations, rendered almost *venial*, was singled out as a diabolical monster, and made the subject of a diabolical plot, and, as a result, he was driven, from his fallows, made him hate the light, give him the desire of suicide without the courage to attempt it, and so shocked, shattered, overthrown his mind and soul, that he was in a constant danger of becoming a maniac. And yet we find this very man, in the very extremity of his anguish because of one evil deed, turning to the Lord, and crying out for help.

and perverted, but always meant to retain some
recognisable trace of his original self, and
usually with some element of the grotesque.
Lloyd was some kind of reet, some pampel-
up his finery, both waking and in dream-
first. And when he would have approached
the Fied, dragging him ever on reluctant
among the foul scenes of Blockberg, and mount-
ingly deprecating, past the gutter-mouthed
to him, in the woods of Wippenburg, and
again we are at our wits' end, little so
just the way with your mortal, your sense and
ping along with overstrain when you have
ten so far. Why does that not enter into
ship with us, if you cannot get through with

keep en poigard in Genoa! Ah—ha—'tis black as the horizon.

ST. AL. Who touched the door? Is the boat shot? Aye—and these pistols at my hand! Could one get in from you windows? No, no, I think not. Yet, some one is moving out there! I can here the stealthy tread that confesses evil purpose. These scowling rogues about the place—I have always suspected them. The shall tramp to-morrow. I have the reputation here, of untold wealth. George gets and insists that they think I keep my money in this vault. What if they should find their way in here some day? I should be ruined! I have been considered in my sleep! How the idea makes one shudder. To die thus—oh, may I be spared a second, at least!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

wrote correct Latin verses himself. Mr. Irving made no pretensions to a familiar acquaintance with the classics, and probably never made a hexameter in his life.

"Addison wrote some smooth English poetry, which Mr. Irving, I believe, never attempted to write, but with the exception of two or three epigrams, hymns, which last were not as the English poets of the eighteenth century, and a few lines in his *Cato*, and a passage of two sentences but very brilliant passages from *Cato*, not a line of Addison's poetry has been quoted for a hundred years. But Mr. Irving's peculiar vein of humor is not inferior in playful raciness to Addison's; his nicety of characterization is quite equal; his judgment is not so moral, and his associations are not so high as the human sympathies of Addison."

[illegible]

But, to give you further information respecting these wild people, or to give you an idea of the beauty of this country, I must write another letter.

I named this plain myself, and therefore you need not look for it on any map.

Truly yours, GUY OSLAER.

RAILROADS IN VIRGINIA.—The advanced sheets of the report on the railroads of Virginia in 1899, show in operation—including 287 miles in the Baltimore and Ohio railroad located in the State—1,438 miles of main line of railroad. Across the State, east and west from Portsmouth, to Richmond, Staunton, and Covington, via the Big Sandy, on the

money. Every possible scheme is being tried. In many ways, however, the most common is the following: The cocaine agent finds a man out of employ, and informs him that he has a friend in Macao, who will give him work and high wages. He promises to take him to the place, and soon the poor fellow finds himself a prisoner. Another plan is to take advantage of the fact that many of the Chinese are illiterate. The cocaine agent lends money to a man who is poor and illiterate; he loses; the agent says, pay me that money or follow me. He has him in his power, and takes him to the barracoon, and gets his ransom. Cases of actual kidnapping are numerous, and it is not strange that it should be so, when so great a temptation is offered to men who value money above every other good.

been shipped from this port, could not know, how dark would be the record. The cry that so large a sum is paid per head for coolies is sufficient evidence that there are men who go willingly. I have for several years fully observed this coolie traffic, and have had favorable opportunities of knowing the feelings of the people on the subject, and I am satisfied that it is really the slave trade under another name. The cursed avarice for gold ears and hardens the hearts of men, and crushes out the feelings of humanity that would naturally arise there. And the managers of this disgraceful trade, are the same men who will not support them, without the remors of conscience of us asked why those who wanted to go were not permitted to burn.

